Spring Into Poetry

A collection of the 3A students' Poems

May 4, 2010

Birds

A poem by M. Hamoudeh

Birds

are as beautiful as gold and silver

Flying between green trees

Eating worms that slither on branches

Feeding and taking care of their young

Birds are beautiful

Yellow

A poem by Dana Tfaily

Yellow is the taste of a lemon

Yellow is my baby sister's smile

Yellow is the sound of water gently plopping down the stream

Yellow is the sunflower blooming in the garden

Yellow is the delicious ice cream melting in my mouth

Yellow is the feeling when I touch my mom

And yellow is happiness all around.

Don't Tell Me To

A poem By Hisham Itani

Don't tell me

To be a good listener like my friend

To be as smart as my brother

To eat well like my cousin

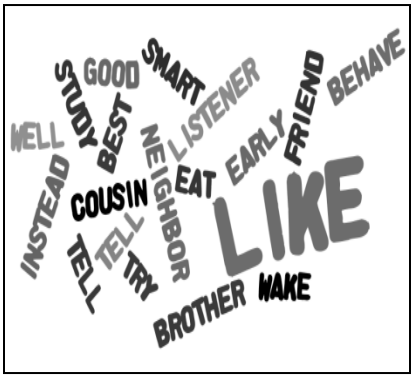
To behave like my neighbor

To wake up early to study

Instead

Tell me

To try my best.



I am From

A poem by Elias El Moussa

I am from trees with all of my favorite fruits, apples, oranges, mulberries, strawberries, and grapes.

I am from the smell of hot chocolate coming from the kitchen in the cold evenings, and chocolate bars when visiting my grandpa.

I am from a mother that takes to the cinema, and allows me free time when I am done with my homework.

I am from a father that loves and protects me and my brother, who plays with me when he comes home from work.

I am from a country that has a lot of snow and where half of my family lives.

I am from Canada, Where are you from?

Blue

A Poem by Omar Tawil

Blue is my cat meowing in the morning light.

Blue is the wind gently blowing on my shirt.

Blue is like a strawberry and a banana milkshake.

Blue is like Pholepe cheese for dinner.

Blue is the cold ocean water splashing my face.

Blue is the alarm clock suddenly ringing early.

Blue is the wet grass being cut.

Blue are the spring plants growing in the garden.

And blue is the color of enthusiasm and relaxation

Don't Tell Me

A poem by Farrah Bindakji

Don't tell me to be like my cousin.

Don't tell me to be so quiet like an angel.

Don't tell me when to stop playing soccer.

Don't tell me to stop worrying about the future.

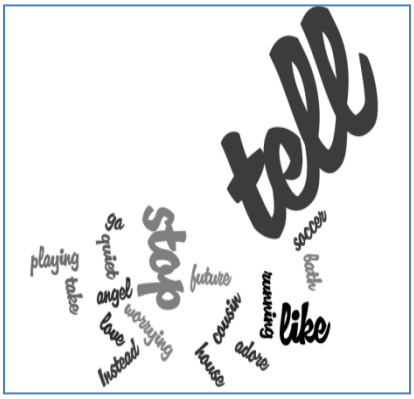
Don't tell me to stop running in the house.

Don't tell me to go take a bath.

Instead

tell me,

You love me and adore me.



I Am From

A poem by Ayman Sadek

I am from a father that comes late from his job but has the time to play soccer with me, teach me how to ride my two wheels bicycle.

I am from a mother that cooks great food, takes me places to have fun, and buys me toys.

I am from a brother that likes to play games, play soccer, and to swim.

I am from a family that likes to read stories at bedtime.

Where are you from?

Snake's Dinner

A poem By Alex Laham

The snake slithers,

The snake slides,

It hisses,

It snaps,

Looking for dinner

It finds a rat and bites

But looks depressed

To know its dinner

Is gone

It keeps going for hours,

And eventually tires

The snake

Stops

And slithers

Underneath a bush

It looks surprised to find another dinner

It snaps up the rat

And lays down

Still

Hoping for more

My Dog Alexa

A poem by Tala El Dika

I once had a dog called Alexa

She was small

Cute, and funny

Alexa was 2 months old when I got her

I always would play with her

Teach her tricks,

And walk her.

I loved her

and I knew

She loved me

Alexa

I am From

A poem by Ali Shreif

I am from warm summer nights camping on the porch, races to the pool on hot summer days, early morning birds chirping, climbing trees to sneak and spy with cousins and sister.

I am from a mother that loves me, that buys me toys and games, and comforts me when I am sad.

I am from a dad that cares for me, that loves me, that laughs with me, and takes me and my family on trips.

I am from a sister that's funny, who is good at wrestling, and annoys me on daily basis.

I am from a small country that is beautiful, that has evergreen trees, snow-capped mountains in winter, and blossoming flowers in the summer.

Where are you from?

Green

A poem by Lara Kareem

Green is watching the sky from a nice meadow on a sunny day.

Green is a sweet cotton candy softly melting in my mouth on a summer's day.

Green is a blooming garden filled with my favorite flowers.

Green are the butterflies fluttering gently in the breeze.

Green is soft creamy chocolate melting in my mouth.

Green is playing happily with my family.

Green is the sound of the birds chirping loudly in the trees.

Green is the pizza that came fresh out of the oven.

Green is the cold Sprite quenching my thirst.

Green is the color that makes me happy.

White

A poem By Tatiana Nassour

White is spending time with my friends playing jump rope.

White is joking playfully with my sister on her bed.

White is our outing as a family to a sushi restaurant.

White is when I eat yummy fried fish dipped in fish sauce.

White is the smell of fresh cool air at the beach.

White is when I listen to pop music and dance to it.

White is when I touch the soft fur of my Persian cat Chloe.

White is when I look at the bright morning sky on my way to school .

White is happiness to me.

I Am From

A poem by Hadi Agha

I am from a family that loves me.

I am from a mom that does a lot of things for me, who bakes cakes for the family, reads with me, and always hugs me.

I am from a sister that takes care of me, draws with me, plays with me, and kisses me gently.

I am from a brother who plays Play-Station with me, helps me get dressed, and allows me to win at games.

I am from a dad who takes us on world trips, always encourages me, and loves me all the time.

I am from a cat that is fun to play with.

I am from my grandfather who was so kind, would give me chocolates behind my dad's back, but he passed away.

I am from a grandmother whose name is special to me, who loved me with all her heart. I am from a grandmother who sacrificed herself for her grandchildren.

I am from cousins who are sweet, kind, and fun

I am from grandparents who are good at buying fruits at the right season.

Who are you from?

Green

A poem by Tarek Karkouti

Green is playing with my friends on the grass all day.

Green is eating a wet yummy pear on a hot summer day.

Green is sitting on a soft feathery pillow while watching TV.

Green is sweet chocolate ice cream quenching my thirst after a field day.

Green is hot salty popcorn while playing chess with my mom.

Green is imagining having the biggest chocolate bar in the world all to myself.

Green is scoring a goal in a big soccer game with the crowd cheering.

Green is being in a large flower garden surrounded by the scent of roses.

Green is chatting with your friends and suddenly hearing the music coming from the ice cream truck.

Green is going to a circus and feeling the excitement.

Green is the touch of the soft fur of a puppy.

Green is the color that makes me feel happy.

Don't Tell Me To

A poem by Lea Hajjali

Don't tell me to be smarter than I am,

Don't tell me to put perfume because I stink,

Don't tell me to get higher grades,

Don't tell me to be as thin as my cousin,

Don't tell me to dress better,

Instead

Tell me to be ME.

I Am From

A poem by Anas Adam

I am from the warming gentle smell of hot chocolate on cold December days, eating the same type of ice cream every summer day, and shopping for food from the little store next to my house.

I am from a country full of diamonds, gemstones and crystals, where my favorite types of food are popular, where all my very best friends live.

I am from a dad who has a sense of humor, who loves me, and practices sports with me.

I am from a mom who loves me, would risk her life for me, and do anything for me.

I am from a family who teaches me beyond my age, and loves me more than the galaxy.

I am from Serbia.

Where are you from?

Birds

A poem by Srishti Mishra

All

Gathered up

Flying,

Through the air.

Covered

With soft feathers.

Awake and singing

In the morning

And

Sleeping and cuddling

At night

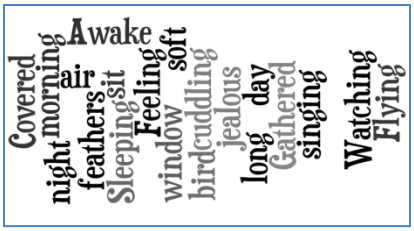
I sit at my window

Watching

Them all day long

Feeling jealous,

"Why aren't I a bird?"



Black

A poem by Razan Mersal

Black is being in a dark room with no light.

Black is the burglar tiptoeing into my house.

Black is a baby getting kidnapped.

Black is the suffering caused by others.

Black is the pain filled room.

Black are the tears falling from my eyes.

Black is the laughter of people pointing at me.

Black is being lost in strange place.

Black is fear and sadness to me.

A Collaborative French Poem

by 3 A

Les Animaux

J'aime les animaux,

Tous les animaux,

Grand et petit,

Le poisson rouge,

La tortue lente,

Le serpent rampant,

Le guépard pointillé,

Le chien doux,

Le chat timide,

Le hamster rongeur,

Et

Les papillons brillants.

J'aime les animaux,

Tous les animaux.